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## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.  
Hon. Jos. Hayslett, Attorney, Owensboro.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
K. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.  
Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

**COUNTY COURT.**  
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Hon. C. M. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**  
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**  
Begins on the first Monday in October.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

**MAGISTRATES' COURTS.**  
Caney district, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. White Run. Courts held March 6, June 17, September 4, and December 16. E. F. Tilford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Roving. Courts held March 18, June 5, September 18, and December 4. Constable, P. O. Roving.

Cool Springs district, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 3, June 15, September 2, and December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 15, June 4, September 16 and December 2. Isaac Brown, Constable, P. O. Rockport.

Centerville district, No. 3.—W. P. Reader, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 21, June 14, September 30, and December 15. A. T. Coffman, J. P. P. O. Centerville. Courts held March 16, June 20, September 15, and December 30. S. E. Falkner, Constable, P. O. Hodge Falls.

Bell's Store district, No. 4.—Ben Newton, J. P. P. O. Buford. Courts held March 11, June 22, September 11, and December 27. J. L. Woodward, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 24, June 10, September 25, December 11. Eli Chien, Constable, P. O. Buford.

Fordville district, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22. J. L. Barton, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 20, June 7, September 22, December 8. J. I. Harder, Constable, P. O. Fordville.

Ellis district, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, J. P. P. O. Whitesville. Courts held March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23. James Miller, J. P. P. O. Whitesville. Courts held March 22, June 5, September 12, December 9. Constable, have none. C. W. Phillips, Deputy Sheriff, P. O. Whitesville, Davies county, does the duties.

Hartford district, No. 7.—J. P. Cooper, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 13, June 26, September 14, December 20. A. B. Bennett, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 25, June 12, September 27, December 13. W. L. Meddow, Constable, P. O. McHenry.

Cromwell district, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, J. P. P. O. Cromwell. Courts held March 27, June 16, September 29, December 20. Melvin Taylor, J. P. P. O. Cromwell. Courts held March 17, June 30, September 19, December 23. R. S. Hodge, Constable, P. O. Cromwell.

Hartford district, No. 9.—L. Allen J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 14, June 24, September 12, December 28. John M. Leach, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 28, June 13, September 28, December 14. D. J. Whittinghill, Constable, P. O. Hartford.

Sulphur Springs district, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs. Courts held March 21, June 11, September 21, December 1. J. A. Bennett, J. P. P. O. Sulphur Springs. Courts held March 7, June 20, September 7, December 21. A. S. Aull, Constable, P. O. Sulphur Springs.

Bartlett's district, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 10, June 25, September 12, December 26. Jackson Yates, J. P. P. O. Buford. Courts held March 25, June 29, September 26, December 12. E. H. Burton, Constable, P. O. Buford.

**POLICE COURTS.**  
Hartford—P. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.  
J. N. Wise, Marshal.

Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
W. H. Blankenship, Marshal.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
H. W. Wise, Marshal.

Centerville—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.  
Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton—J. W. Lunkford, Judge, post-office address McHenry, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
A. J. Carman, Marshal, post-office address McHenry.

Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Mansfield Williams, Marshal. Courts held first Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

**I. O. O. F.**  
HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. BARRITT, N. G. W. G. PAIPPS, Sec.  
B. P. BERRYMAN, D. G. M.

**I. O. G. T.**  
HARTFORD LODGE No. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be warmly welcomed.

LYCOURT BARRITT, W. C. T.  
GEORGE B. WILLIAMS, W. Sec.  
MISS ANNIE TRACY, L. Dr.

**A. Y. M.**  
HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets first Monday night in each month.  
JOHN F. TRACY, W. M.  
SAM E. HILL, Secy.

**R. A. M.**  
KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. SAM E. HILL, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN MER. Sec.

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 14, 1876.

NO. 23.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Space	1 Week	2 Weeks	1 Month	3 Months	6 Months	1 Year
One	1.00	1.50	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00
Two	1.75	2.50	4.00	7.50	10.00	15.00
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Five	3.50	4.50	6.00	12.00	17.00	23.00
Six	4.00	5.00	6.50	13.00	18.00	24.00
Seven	4.50	5.50	7.00	14.00	19.00	25.00
Eight	5.00	6.00	7.50	15.00	20.00	26.00
Nine	5.50	6.50	8.00	16.00	21.00	27.00
Ten	6.00	7.00	8.50	17.00	22.00	28.00
Eleven	6.50	7.50	9.00	18.00	23.00	29.00
Twelve	7.00	8.00	9.50	19.00	24.00	30.00
Thirteen	7.50	8.50	10.00	20.00	25.00	31.00
Fourteen	8.00	9.00	10.50	21.00	26.00	32.00
Fifteen	8.50	9.50	11.00	22.00	27.00	33.00
Sixteen	9.00	10.00	11.50	23.00	28.00	34.00
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For shorter time, at proportionate rates. One inch of space constitutes a square.

[For the Herald.]  
To Friend and Poet.

BY LAMONT.

Farewell, and all that grieve me  
Forgiveness is truly thine,  
And friends who still believe me  
A heart that loved you all, is mine.  
Oh, bitter fate! Oh, cruel doom!  
That mocks a trusting heart with joy,  
Then turns its sunshine into gloom  
And all its brightest hopes destroy.  
Can naught appease the sickle crowd  
By sacrifice of human bliss?  
Or can the darkened path and shroud  
Charm pallid Envy's serpent hiss?  
They knew not that the malice  
Which venom shot with fiendish art,  
Would kill like poisoned chalice  
To still the current of a heart.

'Tis true the faults were many  
And often caused the blush of shame,  
Of mankind are there any  
Can claim on earth a saintly name?  
Though now bowed down with sorrow,  
I kneel before my Maker's will,  
For God is God to-morrow  
And man is but the mortal still!  
Then, farewell, all that grieve me  
Forgiveness is truly thine,  
And friends who still believe me  
A heart that loves you all, is mine.

[For the Herald.]  
The Noble Sons of Toil.

BY ALFRED ARBUTHNOT.

The farmer in the morning rises  
Ere the light of day appears;  
For his work each man prepares;  
His oxen ready, standing, waiting,  
Flores strong to till the soil;  
And every one gives welcome greeting  
To the noble sons of toil.

They toil to-day, for bread to-morrow;  
For their needs they store away,  
Driving off all care and sorrow,  
Working for a future day;  
And lead a life that is independent,  
Nothing can molest or fail;  
And all the joys to man attendant,  
Have the noble sons of toil.

They go on sowing, reaping, mowing,  
Have employment all the time;  
To see their crops, green and growing,  
Is of scenes the most sublime.  
All warriors, lawyers and physicians,  
With their riches and their spoil;  
Oh! what would be their sad condition  
Without the noble sons of toil?

God bless the men of labor, giving  
Great success to every plan;  
For all the world obtains a living  
From the lab'ring toiling man.  
In all the bloody wars of nations;  
In the wide world's great turmoil,  
They all have to obtain their "ration"  
From the noble sons of toil.

THE CROCK QUEST.

The Reynolds' country seat stood on the banks of the Hudson; a more enchanting spot could nowhere be found, with its terraces sloping down to the water's edge, covered with a beautiful green sward resembling the finest velvet. The house itself was a stately old building of gray stone, two sides of which were completely covered with ivy and other graceful vines. The interior was not less beautiful; the rooms were large and handsomely furnished, and the spacious halls, which ran through the entire house, were hung with pictures of the Reynolds' ancestors.

Mr. Charles Reynolds, the only surviving member of a large family, had married a beautiful girl much younger than himself, but she died a year after the marriage, leaving him an only child, a daughter. Mr. Reynolds adored this child, and well he might, for she indeed was a lovely girl, and beauty was not her only attraction, for she possessed a true woman's heart, and a spirit so brave that few equaled her in that respect. At the time we write Kate was only eighteen, having just completed her education; she had just returned home, but, finding it oppressive in the city, they repaired to their summer residence. Kate had invited a school mate to spend part of the summer with her, and the invitation had been eagerly accepted by Maud Conyngham, for that was her friend's name.

It was late in the afternoon; Kate and Maud were standing out on one of the little verandas, waiting for Mr. Reynolds and admiring the scenery, which indeed was grand. The sun was slowly sinking in the west, casting its reddening glow over the water, which lay but a short distance from them. My readers, perhaps if you had been present at that scene you would have paid little heed to the surroundings, for I think your attention would have been attracted to the two maidens, who indeed presented a striking contrast. Kate was a bright, sprightly brunette, with dark, flashing eyes, and features by no means perfect; but the whole expression of her countenance was so frank and intelligent that she could not but attract admiration; while, on the other hand, Maud was a perfect blond, with golden hair rippling in soft, loose waves over her well-shaped forehead; her eyes were

a dark violet, shaded by long lashes, and had such a pathetic look in them that they were often termed "irresistible."

It was nearly dusk, and yet Mr. Reynolds had not returned.  
"I do wonder what has kept papa so late? I am afraid he will have to remain in the city to-night," said Kate.  
"Really, Kate, will it be safe for us to remain in this house by ourselves? The idea is becoming alarming," said Maud, after a short pause.

Kate proposed they should go in the house, as the air was becoming chilly. They were walking along one of the halls when Kate suddenly exclaimed,—"Maud, wouldn't it be fun to have an adventure to-night, or something like that, you know, so that hereafter, wherever we go, we should be pointed out as 'the girls who did so and so,' or 'saved somebody's life,' or—"

"Hush, Kate!" interrupted Maud. "Don't you hear somebody walking?" At that moment the hutler approached, and making a low bow to his mistress, asked her permission to go on an excursion that was to be given that evening. Kate thought for a few moments whether it would be safe to allow the only man servant to leave the premises, but at length she said,—"Well, William, you may go; but don't stay too late, for remember that we are the only ones in the house."

The butler walked off, after thanking his young mistress, and the two girls were left alone.  
An hour or two passed in which our two heroines had been amusing themselves in various ways; they were about to retire when they recollected that they had neglected to shut one of the windows, after going in the direction of the window, which projected out at one of the corners of the house, Kate was about to draw in the shutter, when she felt a hand on her arm, and, turning around, she saw Maud standing beside her, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Kate led her to one of the sofas near by, and seating her comfortably, besought her to tell what was the matter.

Maud did not utter a word, but pointed in a terrified way to the window. Kate only said,—"Maud, darling, I fear the night air has been too much for you."

Still her companion said nothing, and silence reigned for some moments. Maud at length stirred, and then, raising herself with much effort, she began speaking in a tone so unnatural to the gentle Maud that poor Kate could only stare around the room in a bewildered way, and wonder what it could all mean. At length Maud said,—"Kate, did you see him?"  
"See whom, Maud?" asked Kate, trying to appear calm.  
"Why, Kate, do you mean to say you do not know to what I am alluding?" said the amazed Maud.

Kate answered her that she had not the most remote idea what she meant, and besought her to explain the cause of her sudden alarm.

"Well, Kate," began Maud, speaking in a scarcely audible tone, "when you went over to the window just now, I was, as perhaps you recollect, standing a little aside; and as you were about to close the shutter I distinctly saw the form of a man pass directly under the window and hurry off in the direction of the end room. I am sure he can have no good purpose in being around this time of the evening."

"You are quite right, dear; he can, as you say, have no good intention. I, however, am not afraid, and if he is secreted in this building he will not enjoy his hiding place very long."

So saying, Kate sauntered to the end room, followed by Maud, who was made stronger by Kate's true courage and brave words. The room mentioned above was very small, devoid of furniture with the exception of a very large chest, which stood at one corner, and at present was empty. Kate's first suspicion was directed to the chest, it being the only place in the house where any one was likely to conceal themselves. Kate and Maud stood in the center of the dreaded room, not daring to utter a word for fear of detection; the beating of their hearts was audible, and Kate, who hitherto had been so brave, stood motionless with terror, while Maud stood pale and trembling. At that instant, while the girls were deciding what plan they had best pursue, a cracking sound was heard, and the lid of the chest was slowly raised just enough to disclose a pair of eyes.

It was quickly put down again, but not soon enough, for the girls had already seen the action. Maud gave a piercing cry, which resounded through the building, and Kate, fearing that Maud's alarm would instantly bring forth the culprit, flew to the chest and bore down with all her strength upon it. Kate ever after thought that superhuman strength had been sent to her aid for the instant struggle now within showed she had a strong arm to contend with; only once did her prisoner seem to gain the advantage, but Kate had called loudly for Maud, and the terrified girl came to the rescue. Then they were safe, for the man was so exhausted that strength failed him and he could do nothing but writhe and pour his useless threats on the innocent girls. It was past midnight, and the girls were so overcome with fear and fatigue that their strength and courage could have lasted but little longer, when Maud quite suddenly exclaimed,—"Listen, Kate, do you not hear footsteps?"

Yes, Kate did hear some one walking, and before they could conjecture who it was, William, the hutler, appeared on the scene of action.

"Thank God!" they both exclaimed in a breath.  
Everything was hurriedly explained to the faithful butler. Our heroines then dismounted from the chest, and stood aside while William quickly proceeded to raise the lid of the chest. It was indeed a most revolting sight which met their gaze; for there crouched a man of about medium size, with a face so villainous that the girls shrank from his penetrating glance; his eyes were deeply set under a forehead so low that nothing was discernible but a quantity of black lustrous hair. The struggle with his opponents had been so long and fierce that he had become horribly bloated and disfigured. The lid of the chest was not allowed to remain up a sufficient length of time to allow the culprit to come from his hiding-place, for William thought it wiser to let him spend the rest of the night there, and told the young ladies that he would get the assistance of some friends and convey their prize to jail.

Morning dawned and brought with it Mr. Reynolds, who had been necessarily detained in the city the night previous. The story of their wonderful adventures was related over and over again, and as Mr. Reynolds listened, he looked with unmingled pride and love upon the two girls who had displayed such heroism.

"My dear daughter," he said, at length, "I always was proud of you, but never until this day did I realize your true value. And," he continued, turning to Maud, "I am truly thankful to see that my Kate has, out of her many school friends, chosen yourself, for you both showed very remarkable bravery."

The girls naturally were very much flattered by this speech, and Kate, throwing her arms about her father's neck, declared there was never a "papa" to equal him.

I am very sure my readers would not care to hear how the prisoner protested on being taken to jail, and how he poured out his curses on the members of that household. It is sufficient to say that he was found to be a noted thief, and the trial ended by his being sent to prison, where he was to spend the rest of his miserable existence.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Years have passed since that eventful night. Maud and Kate are married to wealthy citizens of New York; and as they sit in their pleasant homes they often relate the story of "The Cedar Chest."

AMID all the political excitement attending the coming of the great national conventions, the Louisville Courier Journal passes to wonder why a woman makes seventeen motions during the act of seating herself, while a man only makes one.

A poor shoemaker at Niort, in France, is the father of 45 children, all of whom are still living. Each of his three successive wives presented him with 15 children.

If the news from the far West can be relied upon, hair won't be worth a dollar and a half a ton by the first of September.

THE New York papers are discussing the incapacity of the Philadelphia hotels and the liability of their landlords.

## A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, while his face looked weary and worn with care, while sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he suddenly slept; and sleeping he dreamed that he was dead from trouble and out his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled, for the peaceful rest of his cow hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door, that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed by a red-hot bar and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke, and with growling voice the echoes woke: "Come in my dear, it shall cost you nothing and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones, who never pay their subscription sums, for though in life they may escape, they will find when dead it is too late; I will show the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's a red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention the don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire, and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke; but still at all times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

## A Bedouin Heroine.

Foreign journals publish a romantic story of an Arab girl who has been the leader in their combats with the Turks. The girl was the daughter of a chief, and was married to a warrior of her tribe, who was murdered by the Turks. The young widow made a vow to avenge his death upon the soldiers of the Padishah. The Emir, touched by the prayers and tears of his child, called upon the tribe, the whole of the Bedouin horsemanship of the Beni Kawa rising in consequence against the domination of the Padishah. The daughter of the Emir, armed like the men, and carrying their banner, like Joan of Arc, was always foremost in their attacks upon the enemy, closely followed by her father, the Emir, her brothers and the remainder of the horsemanship. The Turkish Government has set a price on her head, in order to capture her and to stop the slaughter of the soldiers. The Arabian poets have made the heroine the subject of their songs, and she is now the most famous personage in the district of Bedou.

## A Beautiful Sentiment.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:  
"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"  
He arose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife exclaimed:  
"Are you not afraid?"  
She immediately answered, "No."  
"Why?" said the officer.  
"Because," replied the wife, "I know that sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."  
"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the wind in His hand is my Father."

## A Beautiful Sentiment.

A WEST Sunday night effects two classes of lovers in opposite ways. To him who is engaged it is a god-send, as it enables him to snug up to her in the parlor, and have the whole evening to himself; but to the other lover—he who is not engaged—a rainy Sunday night is a most painful episode. His footing at the house isn't sure enough to warrant his going there through the storm, and all he can do is to attend the church and stand in the vestibule, and pull up his shirt collar in the desiring hope that she may appear. She don't, of course, and he goes back to his dreary home wretched and miserable beyond description. O, those days of ecstatic idleness! How their memory overcomes us!—[Ex.]

## Woman.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy; waywardness and sometimes folly annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by a touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers are too heavy and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But the real calamity come—arouse her affections—enkindle the fire of her heart and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself, how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, bird, anything she loves to protect, and see her, as in an instant, raising her white arms to shield it as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the lifeless. Transplant her in the dark palaces of earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of stalking pestilence, when man the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity to her grave than to her burial.

In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad, pure gold valuable but united in the furnace. In short, a woman is a miracle—a mystery, the center from which radiates the great charm of existence.

IF YOU ARE ENGAGED TO A DRINKING MAN, BREAK IT OFF!—We tender our thanks to the Vermont Judge, who, the other day, in pronouncing upon a divorce suit, laid down the opinion that when a woman marries a man of known intemperate habits, she takes her happiness, prosperity, and welfare in her own hands, and has no claim for riddance of him thereafter. We have great pity for a wife who is joined to an intemperate husband, but we tremble for the woman who marries an intemperate man. If these words reaches the eye of any woman under engagement of marriage to such a man, we most solemnly appeal to her to pause before she imperils her well-being by accepting any such risk.—*Congregationalist.*

## Phanographs.

DOM PEDRO is anxious to meet the poets of America. So were we before we went into the newspaper business.

A PHILADELPHIA saloon-keeper has engaged a million rye straws for Centennial times. Such straws show which way the wind blow.

A SKATING rink accident is thus described by a Kentucky reporter: "She struck out—couldn't turn—started for the ceiling—shouted don't you look!—turned a hand spring, and then sat down. The stripes were brown and red."

A MAN speaking of a place out West in a letter which he wrote home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all folks have the Fever-Ager, yet it is a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take.

"LAW, mass, I don't dare tell them people nothing else! Why, if I was to say that hell was warm, some of them old rhymatic niggers would want to start down the werry first frost."

A CHICAGO youth went back on his engagement, because he overheard his sweetheart say that she had been folded in the arms of Morpheus. They aren't very classic out there, but they're virtuous.

WHILE her mother was washing the dishes a Troy young woman got up from her New York Ledger and wrote:  
My heart, my heart is breaking  
And the sun my head is baking,  
But a hope is softly waking,  
That I shall yet be loved.

The second night after her first husband died, she sat by the open chamber window five hours, waiting for the cats to begin fighting in the back yard. Said she: "This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it. Let me alone till they begin; then I can do off gently!"

A BRIGHT young lady gave her lover a delicate leap-year hint the other evening. In the course of conversation the gentleman asked her what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. Her quick reply was, "I should care little for form. The substance seems of more importance." That girl wears an engagement ring now.

## General Items.

COUNTERFEIT dimes of the coinage of 1876 are already in circulation.

A YOUNG Norwegian woman, near Lansing, Iowa, recently bore four children at one birth.

KATE FIELD's stage name—Keemle—was that of one of her father's intimate friends in Cincinnati. Keemle & Field published a paper there years ago.

In Egypt three out of five children die before reaching the age of two years. This is about the rate of mortality



R. J. BRANCH, editor of the Mayfield Democrat, was arrested, in that city last Monday week, charged with robbing registered letters. It is stated that he has confessed his guilt.

Oh, it is queer! yes, 'tis queer,  
That an editor, too, would come in for a share

Of the spoils of the day,  
Which we hear the folks say.

Are allotted to monarchs Congressmen  
So this poor needy wretch,  
Of an editor whose

Tried to give the people  
Has gone up to the sky—  
Or rather has down and must bitterly

With the future in store,  
Than the next President.

But we think you will grant,  
That poor Branches, at best,  
Never pulled down his vest.

Till he went to meet the man of the  
Whiskey King.

MILLARD SPAIN, son of Colonel Spain, Editor of the Smoky South, was killed by a railroad accident between Port Royal and Atlanta, while on an excursion train one day last week. The Smoky South of late has been containing an affecting tribute from the pen of Mary E. Bryan to his worth and talents. Colonel Spain has our deepest sympathy in this, his sad bereavement.

We have received the first No. of the Tom Thambi, published by Mr. John Neal, Caneyville, Grayson county, Ky. We must say it is one of the most unique specimens of Journalism skill we have ever seen, and merits for its enterprising publisher, the patronage of the general public.

Hon. W. F. Gregory.

This gentleman has been on a visit to our county for the first time, during a part of the past week. He has been announced in the Plaindealer for the Criminal Judgeship. His introduction made a very favorable impression with all we have heard speak of him; and he is assured of a large vote in the county.—Herald's Philadel.

We are glad to welcome on the list of our exchanges the Clark county Democrat, edited and published by W. M. Beckner Esq., Winchester, Ky. From the appearance and general make-up of the Democrat it is apparent that a master spirit is guiding the craft, and is making it a paper of which any county in the State might well feel proud.

We have received the Daily Monitor published in Owensboro, Ky., and feel rejoiced in heart as each successive issue of this spicy, new, neat, little sheet makes its way to the solitudes of our Rough river city. The Daily is a new enterprise and with Wallace Gruelle at its head, is bound to become a success; at least we wish it a circulation, more extensive than any daily in the State, as we honestly feel, that it merits the patronage of everybody.

Cervino Letter.

GERALVO, Ky., June 10, 1876.

Editor Herald:

As there has been no communication from this portion of the county for some time, I hope you will give space for this little communication:

The late rains have been a great blessing to the farmers in this part, especially the tobacco growers. A great many farmers were planting tobacco after the rains. It is now thought that there will be fully a half-acre set in this vicinity, but a great deal of it will be late as the plants are yet small. Wheat promises an abundant yield; I don't think it ever looked more promising. Oats do not look so well. Corn looks well and is in fine condition. The tobacco firm of Barnard, Kimbly & Co., have paid as high as \$10 for some crops of tobacco. Our merchants are selling goods very low, for cash, or country produce. They are very fond of the old horse called "Cash."

Our quiet little village was visited on Friday evening, June 2d, by the Hon. James A. McKenzie, of Christian county, and Mr. Jesse E. Fogle, of Hartford. We were all glad to see them. As they drove most of the way from Hartford in the rain, they were, of course, as wet as "drowned rats." (Excuse the vulgar phrase.)

I formed the acquaintance of Mr. McKenzie in the State Legislature, and had not seen him since we separated in Frankfort, but he looks as young as ever. I can say for him that I never met a nicer man in my life. He is a staunch Democrat. He never finished his duty in the Legislature.

In the election of U. S. Senator in 1869, he voted on every ballot, for Hon. Thomas C. McCreery. In February 1872, he was elected speaker of

the House, and to serve in the absence of the speaker elect. He filled the place with dignity and honor. I would be glad to see "Mc" sent to Congress from this district. He has done more for the Democratic party than any man of his age, and received less reward. He has stood up and fought Radicalism in office when he knew there was no chance for him. He deserves the support of every Democrat in Ohio, as well as the committee composing the Second Congressional District.

A. T. CORMAN.

From Our Grayson County Correspondent.

Editor Herald:

Circumstances over which I have no control, causes me to sever the connection I have so long kept up with the Herald. In my capacity of correspondent I aimed to express my ideas of men and things, just as they were, without the false gleams or rosy tints of the imagination.

To these I may have thoughtlessly offended, by some unguarded remark. I would say if a wrong was done, it was unintentional on my part, and no one can feel as grieved for such as myself. To those who could appreciate my poor literary efforts, I would say, they have my sincere thanks; and the remembrance of the many pleasant hours passed in corresponding with the Herald, will only be an oasis in my otherwise dreary desert of existence.

While I say farewell to all, I would remark that the prosperity of the Herald, and its genial, cultivated editor will ever be the wish of

LANE.

Spring Lick Letter.

SPRING LICK, June 12, 1876.

A very shocking tragedy was acted in Brooklyn, Butler county, last Friday, in which Mr. Dan Phelps was instantly killed. The circumstances are about as follows:

Dan Phelps was a constable in that (Brooklyn) District, and had, on the preceding day, arrested a man for carrying concealed weapons. This arrest aroused the indignation of a man by the name of John Rose, a well-known citizen in that place and county. It was not proven at the inquest over the body of Phelps, that Rose had ever made any threat directly against Phelps, but his conduct was such that a warrant of arrest was sworn out, for the purpose of binding him over to the Peace. The warrant was delivered over to Phelps, who immediately arrested Rose, and they at once proceeded to a grocery for this purpose. On reaching the door, Phelps looked in and beheld Rose and Vachel Fleenor standing at the bar taking a drink of whiskey. When Phelps stepped in the house, Rose turned to him and demanded to know if he had come for the purpose of arresting him, to which Phelps replied he had. Immediately after the response, Phelps was seen reeling in the room as though something was wrong, and never uttered a single word. Fleenor went to him and led him to the door, and remarked that he must desist from raising further disturbance. In going from the grocery to a house, just opposite, Phelps showed signs of great distress, so much so that several were attracted to him, and on examination, it was discovered that he was cut in the right side, in a most shocking manner. The knife entered just above the right hip, and ranged upward, making a gash of some ten inches in length, and about six inches in his bowels, the liver being completely severed in twain. He expired in five minutes after his friends went to him.

These are the details as given to us by Mr. Wm. Bates, who was present at the Coroner's inquest, and strange to say, that not a person could testify that he saw Rose in the house. There were several in the house at the time it was done, but no one saw the fatal stroke, or beheld that any damage had been done, until they were informed of Phelps' dying condition. It is the prevailing opinion that Rose inflicted the fatal wound, but it remains yet to be proven that he is the author of this terrible and shocking deed. Phelps was a clever gentleman, and well liked by all who knew him. He was a man of steady habits and good moral worth.

The affair has cast a gloom over the entire community.

R.

Levas Letter.

CAMP J. M. NEW, May 26, 1876.

Editor Herald:

I see in your interesting paper, correspondence from different parts of the county. As I am pretty well acquainted over the county, and feel an interest

in the good people of the county, I thought probably a few lines from the Texas frontier would interest some of your many readers:

I left Hartford on the 27th of March, 1874, in company with a friend, for Texas. I sold a friend; yes, and the best man I ever saw. We arrived at Dallas, Texas, about the 10th of April, started for Western Texas, like West on Texas better than any part of the State I have seen.

The frontier is better adapted to raising cattle than farming; the land is rich enough for farming, the season is so certain. This is one of the finest stock countries I ever saw. But I don't want to be led through the winter and a few head as I ever saw is killed off the range. A good many people look in the States thick with a perfect Paradise. It is a pretty good country of the kind, but I don't like the soil.

There were a great many emigrants come to Texas last fall and winter. I expect this is one of the best countries in the world for a man to get a good education, or what they call acclimated here—a great many men come to Texas with barely enough money to bring them here, and never get enough to get back, that is what they call here getting acclimated. There has been about 75,000 head of cattle driven up this trail this spring, from Southern Texas; 50,000 of them go to the Red Cloud Agency, in Wyoming, to feed the Indians. Almost every man and boy here go armed; if a man is only going over to his neighbor's arguing to hunt his horse, he will buckle on a six-shooter, and swing his rifle to his saddle.

The prospect of a crop here at present, I very much regret; unless it rains very soon, there will be but very little made in this part of the State. If the crops should fail this year, there will be many a poor fellow going back to the old States. You ask where he is going, and he will tell you he won't be satisfied and he is going back to his wife's people.

There are a good many jobs told to the emigrants. One man was moving out West to grow up with the country; a traveler fell in company with him, and asked him where he was from; he said he was from Alabama. Now the traveler happened to be an Alabamian, and asked the emigrant what county; the emigrant dropped his head a minute, jerked off his coat and said, I am from Arkansas and I don't care a d—d who knows it.

I understand the Indians were on the Llano River a few days ago, killed a man and boy, and drove off about thirty head of horses. The supposition is they are camped on Colorado river, buffalo hunting.

Wishing the Herald much success,

I close.

RANGER.

From Beaver Dam.

BEAVER DAM, June 12th, 76.

Editor Herald:

We have in our little town a colored gentleman who bears the name of Ephraim Hardin Berry, and claims himself among the Centennial list. He was born in North Carolina about the year 1772 or 3, making him now about 104 years old. He for a number of years lived in Washington county, this State. He remembers all about the important battles that have been fought during the past century. He claims that royal blood courses through his veins, and that the name of Berry will never cease to be upon the lips of men. He is thought by some to be the oldest person in this State. It is possible that a sufficient time will be raised to send the old man to the Centennial some time this summer. He remembers when Drs. Berry and Pendleton were little boys, and it does the old man's heart good at this late day of his life to see how they are both honored and loved by the people. Mrs. Mary Austin, wife of John Austin, departed this life this morning about ten o'clock; she leaves a babe only a few days old—a fond husband and parents, as well as a large host of friends to mourn her loss; her death was caused by *Meloid peritonitis*.

What harvesting will be commenced in a day or two—a universal good crop is reported.

HENRY.

Continued.

Richard Hall was born in Shelby county, Ky., the 18th day of May, 1791. He was raised in that county, and joined the Baptist church, and was baptized by G. Walker, in the year 1803; married to Joshua Chapman, in 1811, by whom she had nine children. She moved to Ohio county in 1819, and lost her husband's death in 1819; she lived a widow, till she was married in 1829, to Elder Alder Hall, of Ohio county, with whom she lived till his death, which occurred June 16th, 1841, when she again left a widow, and as such, she spent the remainder of her days on the old homestead, with her youngest son Hiram Chapman.

She died, May 13th, 1876. Her maiden name was Whitaker; the number of her children and grand-children was 137, and at her death, 105 of them were living.

## HISTORY OF INTemperance.

(Continued from last week.)

It is the great reason of our slowness to perceive the injury done us is the fact that our physicians habitually estimate the value of a man by the amount of alcohol he consumes. This is a sad error in the history of intemperance, and it is now by far the most prevalent of the vice outside of the reported human appetite and love for excitation.

The continued support which the use of alcoholic liquors has received from many leading physicians, is no doubt, to a considerable extent, the cause of the recent practical reaction in temperance. The practice and dictum of the doctors outweigh the opinions of non-professional men in public estimation, and consequently we move people all the while who are not to be blamed for their

misapprehensions. It is a pity that these papers, by legislative enactments, and in their advertising cards, carrying the unfortunate influence further than our honest physicians would have it.

But some one may inquire, May we not take spirits as a medicine? Take a little for the stomach's sake? We'll perhaps you may, but be sure not to take it for the stomach's sake.

There are many medicines good in their places, when would soon destroy our health and life if taken out of place. Just here let me say, I am glad that the most of our Ohio county physicians are in favor of temperance.

Be careful then, doctors, do not give intoxicating liquors, except in cases of extreme necessity, for it is the "poison of dragons, and the venom of asps." (Deut. 32:14 and 32:15.)

The following statistics, from good authority, will show the prevalence of intemperance in the United States:

Grain distilleries about 10,000; breweries, 7,000. The consumption annually 100,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits; 900,000,000 gallons of brewed liquors, and an unknown amount of fermented liquors.

13. They employ not less than 50,000 men, directly in the business of manufacturing. They use annually 50,000,000 bushels of grain and 10,000,000 of c'it, besides other materials—near two bushels for each person.

They furnish 37,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol; enough to give more than two gallons to each individual. This comes to consumers in 100,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits, 400,000,000 gallons of beer, and 20,000,000 gallons of wine, besides shops to the amount of over 400,000,000 gallons.

14. In the sale of these liquors, there are a great many wholesale houses, and 110,000 retail places, which employ 250,000 men and besides these, there are almost countless tipping shops, where death is sold out day by day, and night by night.

15. The deaths directly from drinking, or from diseases caused thereby, are as many as 75,000 annually; from resulting accidents, and the neglect, want, and abuse in drunkards' families, 25,000. Add to these the losses from the use of intoxicating liquors, by shortening human life, by crimes, fires, shipwrecks and other accidents; by disease, by doctors' bills, etc., etc., and this country would be the gainer of at least \$1,200,000,000, if no alcoholic liquors were drunk therein. Intemperance takes our money, our health, our brains, our lives, our soul, our all.

16. In this, the last paragraph at the present, on this question, the reader is invited to look with a sad brow at the effects of this monster, as it pushes its wheels of destruction onward. It runs gurgling in, and through every city, and nearly every town. It leaves men reeling, falling, and dying. It leaves them often only in the river of death, in sight of the judgment seat of Him who cannot look on sin with allowance, and in hearing of the rattling chains of despair; chains which must finally clank around the groaning prisoner, and bind him down in torment, where, perhaps, the consciousness of a neglected wife, abused and starved children, together with the lectures, entreaties, pledges, and prayers of the Temperance reform torment him forever and ever. Look, if you will, at the heart-broken wife, whose husband was once kind and true, but now is in the clutches of intemperance. See her eyes filled with tears as she thinks of the happy past, and then beholds her husband a slave to intemperance. See and hear the thousands of poor children ragged and dirty, crying for bread, and then think this is a part of the "History of Intemperance."

McCREERY. J. T. PRESIDENT.

## Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

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Fine Toilet Soap, Fancy Hair and Tooth  
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## New Steam Saw Mill.

E. A. BUNCH, Prop.

Millwood, Ky.

Can furnish all kinds of BUILDING LUM-  
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mill, one mile east of Millwood, Grayson  
county, Ky.

LOUIS TRIPP.

GREAT CENTRAL

LOUISVILLE, KY.

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# THE HERALD.

Household and Agricultural.

Clear Water and Clean Feed for Cows.

In order to have pure and healthful milk as an article of human food, the cows must be supplied with clear water and food that is destitute of matter in a state of decomposition, and that is free also from all pungent odors. Milk of prime quality cannot be made by feeding half-decayed apples, defective potatoes and moldy food of any sort. A writer in the *Farmers' Advocate* states that "milk is a scavenger of the cow's body," which is a fact well understood by medical authorities. We once owned a cow on one side of the face of which appeared a bony tumor, which emitted an offensive odor. Her milk was unfit for human food, for the reason that the fresh and smoking liquid smelled as offensive as the tumor. The cow was allowed to rear a calf, but the excrementitious matter of that young animal emitted a strong odor, precisely like the stench of the foul tumor on the jaw of the dam. If cows are required to drink stagnant and offensive water, their milk cannot be pure. The large amount of liquid passing the udder of a cow makes that liquid an efficient flux for removing everything from the blood that is not needed there. There are a great many things that get into the blood in some way which circulate and pass out with the nutritive elements. The essential elements of plants which give them distinctive flavor or odors, as of turnips, onions, etc., the putrid matter in rotten potatoes, decaying grass, or any and every other food in a state of decomposition, will find their way out of the system through milk. It is a fact which must have been noticed by all observing farmers that their families that are afflicted with ailments taken into the stomachs of all milk-giving animals. No fact is more notorious than that any medicine given to a nursing mother will effect the child in exactly the same way it does its mother, the medication being carried through the milk of the mother to the stomach of the child in such large proportions as to make the effect upon the child as active as upon the mother. This inclination of the milk glands to carry off medicinal matter from the body of the milk-giving mother is not an isolated inclination to carry foreign matter from the system. Disease is carried as readily as medicine. Any and every disease which taints the blood, as small-pox, measles, typhoid fever, scrofula or consumption, are transmitted through milk as readily as the effects of medicine. The excretory power of the milk glands does not stop with carrying off medicine and disease. It extends to all foreign matter floating in the blood of the milk-producing animals. Nor is the power confined to the milk glands. It belongs to the other glands as well. All the large glands of the body act as scavengers. But each has a function of its own, to which it is more adapted. The liver and kidneys are more active in carrying off foreign and waste mineral matters, while the central glands are more active in ejecting poisons from the system. The secretion of the milk glands is not very different from that of the other glands in their general functions have an effect on others in a sanitary and point of view.

The foregoing facts will furnish an impressive hint concerning their poor butter to those proprietors of cows who require their animals to drink at stagnant ponds.—N. Y. Herald.

## Planting Melons.

Hog manure, when well decomposed with its attendant litter, is the best fertilizer for melons, squashes and cucumbers. When that is not to be had use the best well rotted barnyard manure that you have. Put two shovelfuls in a hill mixed thoroughly with the soil. Let the seeds, when covered, be about level with the surface of the adjoining ground, 10 to 12 to a hill, to be thinned out to three or four plants, cover an inch deep with soil that does not form a hard crust after a rain, and when the plants come up, place boxes open at both ends, over them to protect the plants from the bugs. These boxes need not be made of boards over six or eight inches wide; and they are a sure preventive of depredations by bugs as they fly near the ground, and the growing plants are not seen by them. "Land plaster is good to keep away all insects from plants where they are not otherwise protected: A little should be sprinkled upon them early in the morning while the dew is on. Ashes and every other substance that will stick to the plants will keep away bugs.

## LOGS.

Proceedings of Ohio county Convention of L. O. G. T., held at Rosine, Ky., Friday and Saturday, June 24 and 25, 1876.

The Ohio county Convention of L. O. G. T., met with Mount Pleasant Lodge, No. 887, at Rosine, Ky., June 24, 1876. Meeting called to order at 1:30 p. m., by Miss Fannie Newton, Secretary of the Convention. The President and Vice-President being both absent, Wm. Hamilton Jr., was appointed President *pro tem*, and John S. Parke assistant Secretary, and W. G. Stewart Chaplain. Minutes of last session was read and approved, when was appointed the following committees:

On Credentials.—M. A. Edmondson, John Gibson, and J. W. Edmondson.

Committee on management.—J. W. Cox, S. O. Cooper and E. J. Reader. On the State of the Order.—Miller, W. G. Stewart and Miss Fannie Newton.

Committee on resolutions.—J. S. Parke, Misses Mollie Chinn, Fannie Newton.

The committee on credentials report the following representatives: Rock of Safety Lodge, No. 14, Wm. Hamilton Jr., John Gibson, Katie Hamilton and Eliza J. Kinder.

Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 887, M. A. Edmondson, John S. Parke, M. Crahan and Miss M. E. Beck.

Newton Lodge, No. 410, Mollie Chinn, S. O. Cooper, E. Field, Fannie Newton, and Joseph Turner.

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Wm. Hamilton Jr., M. A. Edmondson and Miss Fannie Newton were nominated for President; ballot taken and Wm. Hamilton declared duly elected. For Vice-President, Misses Fannie Newton, Katie Hamilton, and Hester Ashby were nominated; ballot taken, and Miss Fannie Newton elected. J. S. Parke and Joseph Turner were nominated for Secretary; vote taken, and J. S. Parke elected. At this point, G. W. Bain, the G. W. C. T. of Kentucky, was presented to the Convention. A recess was taken to allow the committee on arrangements to make their report. The Convention being again called to order by the President, the committee on arrangements made the following report:

That we adjourn at 5 o'clock this p. m., and meet again at 7 p. m., for speaking; meet to-morrow at 9 o'clock a. m. adjourn at 11 o'clock, meet again at 1 o'clock p. m. and adjourn at 5 o'clock to meet again at the place designated for holding the next Convention.

Signed, J. W. Cox, S. O. Cooper, } Com. E. J. Reader.

Motion made and seconded that the above be amended so as to have speaking at 4:30 p. m. Motion carried. The committee on resolutions and on the State of the Order, ordered to report to-morrow morning. The meeting here adjourned to listen to a public address by G. W. Bain.

## SECOND DAY'S SESSION.

Meeting called to order and opened in the Subordinate degree, with G. W. C. T. Bain presiding, Miss Fannie Newton appointed W. V. T., Mollie Chinn R. H. S. and Katie Hamilton L. H. S. Minutes of yesterday read and approved. Welcome address made by delegates by Mrs. Annie Hamilton.

Recommenced by Mrs. Annie Hamilton, again being called to order by the committee on the State of the Order, as follows:

We, your committee on the State of the Order, beg leave to make the following report: That there are seven Lodges in Ohio county, in working condition. Three represented at this Convention. Newton Lodge reports 60 members. Mt. Pleasant Lodge in good condition, and reports 52 members. Rock of Safety Lodge Lodge, reports 85 members, and in good condition. Total number of members in the three Lodges represented 197, showing an increase during the quarter of 72 members, all respectfully submitted in F. H. and C.

W. G. Stewart, } Com. Fannie Newton.

The Committee on resolutions report as follows:

Whereas, The Convention has been honored by the presence of G. W. Bain, G. W. C. T. of Kentucky.

Be it Resolved, That the thanks of this convention are due and are hereby extended to him for his spirited address and cheering advice.

Be it Resolved, That the thanks of delegates from abroad be extended to the citizens of Rosine for the kind and hospitable manner in which we have been entertained.

Be it also Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this Convention be sent to the *Riverside Weekly* and the *Hartford Herald* for publication.

Signed, JOHN S. PARKE, } Com. MOLLIE CHINN, KATIE HAMILTON.

Motion made and seconded that the reports be received and the committees be discharged. Motion discharged.

Places for holding the next Convention were placed in nomination. Rosine and Newton Lodge being the only two places in nomination, ballot was taken, which resulted in favor of Newton Lodge. Wm. Hamilton Jr., J. S. Parke and Fannie Newton appointed committee to correspond with Lodges in the county to invite them and secure their attendance at the next convention, on the 2d Friday in September.

M. A. Edmondson appointed District Deputy for ensuing quarter, Wm. Hamilton Jr., appointed to procure from Hartford the books belonging to the Convention. Meeting adjourned to listen to an address by Bro. G. W. Bain.

AFTERNOON SESSION 2D DAY.

Convention called to order by the President; addresses made for the good of the Order by J. Gibson, Fannie Newton, and E. A. Edmondson. Meeting closed in F. H. and C., to meet with Newton Lodge, on the 2d Friday in September.

Wm. Hamilton Jr. President. JOHN S. PARKE, Secretary.

WELCOME ADDRESS, BY MRS. ANNIE HUNTER, OF MT. PLEASANT LODGE.

Brothers, Sisters and Friends: As a representative of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, speaking for each individual member thereof, and by them are authorized to bid you welcome. We extend to you the fraternal hand of fellowship and from the deepest recesses of our inmost hearts we cordially bid you welcome. The occasion that has assembled us is deeply interesting.

We, as members of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and particularly of Ohio county, meet here to day in Convention to more closely cement the ties that binds together in this gigantic organization, struggling so bravely and successfully to check the march of that monster enemy of civilization and religion, that more extensively than pestilence or war has produced and is producing the physical, intellectual, moral, social, domestic and national wretchedness of mankind.

Our object is well-known; 'tis to snatch man, God's master piece, from the burning waves of inebriety, and to disseminate such wholesome information as that besotted fathers, husbands, imperiled brothers and sons, and tempted little children may be constrained to enlist under the banner of temperance in which we would plant on every hill-top all our broad land. We are pledged to go up and conquer for Virtue and God the great temple of American manhood. Intemperance touches with its magic wand the delicate framework of the temple of manhood, and it falls into comparative ruin, under intoxicating stimulants all its powers lose their healthy and natural relation to each other. Brothers and sisters, this is our mission; is it not worthy of angelic energies? shall we not, pray and work to rescue the

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## RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Louisville, Paducah & Northwestern. The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and arrives at Paducah at 11:28 a. m. The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 6:45 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 10:25 a. m.

Stations at Louisville: Louisville Junction at 11:28 a. m., Grayson Springs at 12:50 p. m., Leitchfield at 1:03 p. m., Millwood at 1:18 p. m., Beaver Dam at 2:33 p. m., Rockport at 3:20 p. m., Owensboro Junction at 3:47 p. m., Greenville at 4:05 p. m., Nortonville Junction at 5:00 p. m., Paducah at 5:30 p. m.

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 6:45 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 10:25 a. m.

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